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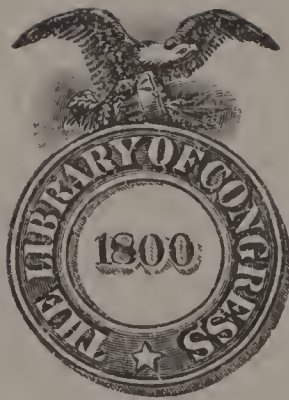
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1923

THE MASTER

PEARL E. WIXON





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The Master

BY

PEARL E. WIXON



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The Master

THE MASTER

When every chord has been struck
On the strings of the human soul,
And the music of every emotion
Blent in a harmonious whole,
When the gold has been tempered and tried
Rent from the heart's deepest depth
And the dross poured out on the tide
With only the pure drops left;
The soul with majestic beauty
Shines forth from the windows of clay
And the deeds till then but a duty
Become a lambent bit of play.
In mingling tones are heard
The voices of those on the strand
With joyousness are stirred
Proclaim the touch of the Master Hand.

SUN RISE

Sweet morning wakes
And shakes her dainty head,
Her golden tresses
Showering one by one.
She swiftly drives
Stars, moon, and all before
And breaks the day
With effluent light and song.

Flushed Luna droops
Her slender pretty face
As if abashed
By night's too long embrace,
And dreading lest
Fair day should come and find her
She quickly turns
And seeks her own fair home.

YESTER-YEARS

This day is mine, all in my power,
And work and play shall be my dower,
Forgetting sores of bygone years
And melt them with warm healing tears.

From dawn till dusk we have our woes,
In sleeping, we forget our foes.
Let's say goodbye to all our fears,
Those things that happe'd in yester-years.

Last night, I venged a direful hate,
Today, sweet morn will expiate.
Last night was years and years ago,
Today is now, so let it glow.

The joys of life are far between
We'll leave all else and make our glean.
The morrow comes perchance with tears
We'll just put it with yester-years.

Oh! morn so bright to make or mar,
Oh midday glare, and sunset bar!
Live, love, right now, don't waste in tears,
Too soon you'll be in yester-years.

LA GRANDE

Blue river, gently kissed,
Early in the morning.
Banks a gleaming through the mist,
Gay with flowers adorning.

Yellow river, lightly tossed,
In the bright noon weather.
Reeds a rustling almost lost,
Tangled all together.

Green river, shadow dipped,
Calm and sweet at evening.
Trees a glinting bright sun-tipped,
Mirrored ones agreeing.

TO A PINK MOTH

I have carried you far, Pink Moth,
Not a busy fellow, instead,
I found you in all your sloth,
Asleep in a flowery bed.

A dainty satin cream head,
By the yellow petals folded.
Shaded pink, almost to red,
Your double wings are molded.

Pink trunk like a miniature Zeppelin
With two green lamps for a light.
Pink horns, and rosy legs fine
Carved with an Artificer's might.

I shall leave you asleep, Fair Moth,
In your velvet, flowery bed.
The petals are folding soft,
And the flower will soon be dead.

A MIDSUMMER'S DAY

Soft lazy clouds adrift in the sky,
Winds blowing free, fair, and gay.
Thistle downs sailing o'er tree tops so high,
What a beautiful midsummer's day!

Bees searching hurriedly each flowery heart,
Birds talking querulously.
Butterflies vanish from sight with a dart,
How hazy this midsummer's day!

Fruit in the garden is breaking the vine,
Trees laden down o'er the way.
Berries on bushes are growing so fine,
What a lazy midsummer's day!

A GIRL'S DREAM

A short but a sweet, sweet dream,
'Twas too sweet to have lasted long,
For when did one e're dream a dream
But 'twas sure to die out like a song.

A dream of a love pure and strong
Of a true mate to love throughout life,
Of sweet childish faces to mother,
To guard and help through the world's strife.

A dream that I knew must be smothered,
A joy that I knew must be killed,
A love that I knew must be conquered,
For 'twas a fate that myself had so willed.

But the dream it was sweet while it lasted.
So dream on, little girl, 'tis no harm,
Lots of loves and hopes have been blasted
But to be kindled again sweet and warm.

WHEN LOVE SHINES THROUGH

Fold not your wings
Sweet love, but stay,
Why would'st thou wing
Thy flight away.
'Tis ah, so dark,
Skies lose their blue,
Naught comes to harm
When love shines through.

Sweet love, thy stay
Has been so brief,
Thou'lt now away
And cause me grief?
The fateful charm
I would I knew
That keeps sweet love
A shining through.

No more to love
And yet to live?
Love guides your step
Though dragged with care.
Day's toilsome end
Comes unaware,
Hearts homeward turn
When love shines through.

THE BROWN HOUSE

There's a little brown house
 Snug sheltered by trees,
Where the birds hold carouse
 Among the green leaves,
In morning's gay dawn,
 At mid-day's warm glare
In the soft glow of evening
 Little house, you're still there.

I've wandered in woodlands
 Away from my cares,
I've sought the soft lake-sands
 To banish night-mares,
I return there to find
 That my sighs are less rare,
When I see, little house,
 That you're still sitting there.

In North-lands I roam
 Among the tall pine,
Others now call you home,
 But I still claim you mine,
And this much I pray
 Since to me you've been fair,
Love bless all who dwell
 In that little house there.

ELFKINS

Sing, you little elfkins sing,
Blow your little lungs and sing,
The whole wide world will sing songs with you,
The whole wide world will breathe life with you.
Laugh and sing for joy is with you
Sing, you little Elfkins,
Shout.

Dance, you little elfkins dance,
Lift your feet, as in a trance,
Thy feet have joy's own wings tied to them,
The world is full of lovely people.
Dance and sing for joy is with you,
Dance, you little elfkins,
Prance.

CHARITY AND NON CHARITY

To learn of one thing curious
It was my chance to fall,
That one of great necessity
Hath given of her all,
While the other of her plenitude
Has refused to give at all.

A MOTHER'S TRIBUTE

Damp dew's are on her forehead,
Dew's dampness on her palms,
A wailing note is heard
But a Mother's voice is calm.

She's obeyed earth's obdurate laws
Death staying not, unshaken,
His swift and cruel jaws
A mother's life has taken.

Way off in the great beyond
A spirit wavering flies
And a babe a new made orphan
Wafts up its wailing cries.

The frail earth home no more
Shall rouse to an infant's cry,
Death came and shut the door
Of love light in her eye.

Through realms of space alone
The spirit comes serene
To caress and bless her own
In calm and peaceful dream.

And babe, life's journey through
In boyhood's, manhood's lust,
An angel smiles on you,
Be worthy of her trust.

LULLABY SONG

The night winds are blowing high, Baby Dear,
Sleep, sleep, so softly, and near.
The bright stars are peeping out, one by one,
They'll guide your little dream boat home.

Chorus:

So, Lullaby, Lullaby, Baby Dear,
Guarded so closely, pray, have no fear.
Rock-a-bye, Rock-a-bye, dream away, soon
You're eyelids will ope and hear mother's sweet
croon.

Father is coming soon, Baby Dear,
So sleep my little one, have no fear.
The night things are singing to you in the dark
They know when little boats embark.

HIS EXCUSE

“What is the matter, you little dear,
What have you there in your hands?
Why, its mother’s plants so bright and gay,
You have torn them into strands.”

He’s just a wee little tot, this child,
Just two years turned to-day.
But Oh! what a plight, my plants so bright,
Indeed! what shall I say.

“You may sit right here, you naughty child,
I’ve told you twice to-day.
You may sit on this chair a little while,
Then you may run and play.”

“You want to get down at last, my dear?”
It was a long time to stay.
“Well then, say, ‘Mother, now, may I go?’
“Muvver, I tan’t say MAY.”

HE'S JUST MY BOY

Brown eyed laughing mischief maker
Tumbling in with such a din,
What a rougish little faker
What is bubbling up within?
"Some tacks and string, to make it strong?
There you are, now run along."
He's just my boy.

Care free happy little boy
Scampering in and out all day,
Every trouble doth alloy
While you're happily at play.
"Now what! You want some jam?
Please close the door; don't let it slam."
He's just my boy.

Golden days of happy childhood,
Sunshine quickly following rain
Learning secrets of the wildwood
Care free life without a pain.
"Sleepy? Tired out? That's right.
Say your prayers, Good night, Good night."
He's just my boy.

TWO LITTLE INDIANS

Two little brown toy Indians
With purple feathers tall
From head to toe you measure
The size of my thumb, that's all.
In you, what a world of pleasure
For a little boy so small.

Sometimes you're recklessly hanging
From an airplane's dizzy height
Or else you're in a dug-out
Paddling away, for your life,
Or one is a brave engineer
Driving a flying express
The other a lazy hobo
Between two box cars pressed.

Two little brown toy Indians
With hardly no clothes at all,
In you, what a world of pleasure
For a little boy, so small.

QUEEN OF THE FIELDS

Oh! I must away, oh! far away,
Under the shining sky,
I must away to the fields, today,
To the woodlands, I must fly.
Oh, merry's the song and happy the chirr,
Of the wee things over there.
I miss the flirt of the wings that whirr
And the tiny limbs so fair.

For I am queen of the woodland dell
All fays obey my will,
And fairies bright with joy pell-mell
Each from a rosy frill
Hurry to greet me, singing a song
And dancing with laughter gay.
To many a tune they trip along
Each little happy fay.

With eager feet they crowd and push
And vie with one another,
And many a kiss is lost in the crush
That's bent on me to smother.
They fly to the dimples of cheek and arm
To rest their gossamer wings
And slumber away without alarm
These wee little fanciful things.

All day, away in the shining fields
We wander over the heather,
We know, where's the richest bed that yields
Diamonds for us to gather.
And gold upon gold lies lavishly
As far as the eye can see,
And a robe of gold so ravish'ly
Is busily spun for me.

For here I reign a queen supreme
And a robe of gold must wear
And flowery garlands a fairy team
Must deck my nut-brown hair.
So with dance and song I hold my court,
Till the sun rays low reclining
Breaks up the jest of song and sport
At the golden day's declining.

CHRISTMAS EVE

Oh! calm bright night
I seem to hear
Sweet music coming
Nearer and Near.

I stand alone
By the window sill
And through the night
So calm and still

I feel the breath
Of a heavenly being
Fluttering around
While a voice is singing.

"To earth shall be
A message new
That brings a peace
Great peace to you."

"Peace upon earth,
Good will to men,
Peace to you brother
The king has come."

NEW YEAR

I greet you, bright New Year
 With a glad and smiling face,
Your own holds not a tear,
 And smiles your visage grace,
Your cheeks are rosy hued
 Your lips are like a cherry
Your eyes are fire imbued
 You're a New Year very merry.
 Good bye, Old Year,
 Hello, New Year,
I'm glad to see you here.

So we're to rove together
 For nigh four hundred days
In rough and rugged weather
 In joys or in our plays,
Let's turn each little sorrow
 That's sure to come our way
Into a bright to-morrow
 Let's just be bright and gay.
 Good bye, Old Year,
 What say, New Year,
I'm glad to see you here.

TWO BIRTHS

Another star in the night,
 Though faint and far its gleam,
Another star with a light
 To shine on world's serene.
Through mist and infinite space
 With steady and steely rays,
This new star holds its place
 Borne into eternal days.

A new song soars aloft
 From lips till now but dumb
A new song warbles soft
 The singers day is come,
With tone so faint and dim
 A trilling soft and low
Till bubbling o'er the brim
 Breaks in an eternal flow.

MARCH WINDS

The March winds are blowing,
Now high, now low;
Old winter is going,
With her ice and snow.
Come on, with the south wind,
The east or the west.
I'm sure I can't tell
Just which one is best
When the March winds are blowing.

The river is flowing,
With a cry, though low.
It has broken its covering
Of ice and snow.
Hurl off the big ice cakes
That burden your chest
Let the mad little white caps
Enlighten your breast
When the March winds are blowing.

Blow, March winds! Blow!
Blow high, blow low.
Blow us your rain
Or blow us your snow.
Through your smiles and tears
And your chills and fears,
Old winter will vanish
With flaunting and jeers
When the March winds are blowing.

MARCH 31st SUNSET

The golden sun in a liquid fire
Falls in a lake of gold,
Of day we thought she ne'er would tire
So strong she seemed and bold.

But see, how the earth has rolled around
And packed the clouds for a bed
And soft as down, is the gold-fringed mound,
That rests the bright sun-red.

The moon in the east is tree-top high
Round, full, yet pale for a while,
For soon she will need all her blushes bright,
And scarce can she hide her smile.

The flaky white clouds are melting above
Into the deep azure blue,
The eyes of the night are ope'd like a dove,
And the shades come lurking through.

AN AUTUMN SUNSET

The long, sweet evening slowly fades and wanes,
The golden sun betakes itself to rest;
The hum of insects beat in measured tune
And all the world seems lifted up and blest.

The pure white clouds all verging to the sun,
Reflect the mellow light and shed it round.
They, too, change swiftly, melt and faintly fade
And melting loose themselves in night and shade.

The moon hangs pale and silent near the earth,
The stars too timid yet to venture forth,
Wait silently till their fair lady moon
Bids day is done—and night has come too soon.

THE CHOCOLATE DROP

You may write about your Nicotines,
That float on airy wings,
That soothe the tired hearts of men
Reclining in their den.

But what about the chocolate drop,
So plump and juicy inside!
The girl is serenely delighted
With novel and box by her side.

Oh chocolate drop, with the cherry inside,
My troubles are all defied,
As you melt away gradually, my soul
Seems like one long summer's tide.

YOU LITTLE FLIRT

You dancing merry little eyes,
You pearly teeth all gleaming white,
You ruby lips that laugh and laugh,
Oh! can't you pout a little bit?
 You wicked little flirt.

And then those curls, brown curly curls,
Ah me—my heart does faster beat,
For curls, you know, I can't resist
And you have won my heart, my sweet.
 You wicked little flirt.

But then those eyes, so sweet they seem,
That laugh so wholesome and so free,
Oh, surely is it but a dream
And do you only love, just me?
 You blessed little flirt.

THE GOSSIPS

With furtive glance and scornful lip,
With eager ears their heads they dip,
So that one word they might not lose
Of the most fascinating news.

They whisper, whisper, then they laugh,
Oh, what a scornful, leering laugh.
They seem to be so glad, so glad
That another victim they can stab.

Why don't they come right to your face
And tell you boldly your disgrace,
But with malicious smile they sit
And pick you to pieces bit by bit.

But can they hurt you? No, there's the rub,
If only you were what they say
They'd grind you down as they would a grub
And leave you to wallow in the clay.

THE TRAITOR

Oh! dearest friend
To turn so soon.
False friend, to thus deceive me,
My only faith was always
One noble wish to save thee
From hurt or any danger
That might encompass 'round thee,
And you could turn against me!

Traitor! well dost thou
Deserve that name.
The kiss of a Judas Iscariot
Has won him immortal fame.
The stab of a Caesar by Brutus
Comes down to us like a flame.
And thou art a Judas, a Brutus?
Thou surely shalt bear their shame.

The secrets of thy life
I hold within my bosom,
Secrets that might mar your name
Or hurt your reputation.
But fear not, even now
Through all you've said and done,
My honor lives to save you
And the fair name you've won.

Ah! dearest friend, that once was,
A friend no more to me.
How could you be so false
To one that ever loved but thee!
Although I do forgive you,
Still that can never make
Your honor any better
Or your sins expiate.

SUCCESS

I've got it, I won,
That's just what I wanted
That look in those eyes so reverent.
An hour is spent
With brush, and back bent,
But I got what I was aiming after.

I've got it, that word,
How illusive it seemed
And thoughts that came tumbling faster,
Oh, how I beamed
As pages I reamed
But I got what I was aiming after.

To triumph, just once,
Be it ever so small,
The work in itself doesn't matter.
The most satisfaction
That one can possess
Is to get what you're aiming after.

THE DEBT

Is honor the debt I owe?
Or only paltry money?
If honor it is,
Why, don't you think
It's the bigger debt of the two?

I owe my love to you, my friend,
The love of man to man,
If I give not all
Of the love I hold
Am I not poor in refraining?

A kindness I owe to you, my friend,
If only a small word spoken.
Shall it be withheld
While I go on
Forgetting a debt to a brother?

I owe a debt, the greatest debt,
To my self-appointed enemy,
Is forgiveness so hard
That seventy times
Is too much to forgive an enemy?

My life I owe to you, my friend,
And you, who scorn and hate me
I would sacrifice all
For is not it
A debt to my fellow being?

These debts of love, of kindness, of honor,
To all mankind should be paid.
Interest upon interest
Is not what I want
And honor in debts is to pay.

YOU TEEMING TOWN

You teeming town
All grit and grime,
You've had me down
And called "you" "mine."
I was your slave
And had to sweat
With blood and brawn
I can't forget.
I sometimes wonder
Old man town,
If a man like you
Could keep me down.

From morn till night
One weary grind
And not much rest
In you I find.
The daylight sees
Me workward wend,
The darkness greets
Me in the end.
I sometimes wonder
Old man town,
How long 'twill be
Till I get you down.

There, old man town,
I've got you at last,
Down! Down! clear down
In a mighty grasp.
No use to pant
You can't unclasp.
Now friend! tyrant!
I've had my say
And I think it's about
Your turn to nav

OUT IN THE WORLD

Out in the dizzy world
Filled with fret and fume,
Out in the dizzy world
Wrapped in joy and gloom.
Soaring high up in the clouds
Foggy though they be,
Mingling happily with crowds
Surging like a sea.
Out in the dizzy world
Feeling trim and fine,
Out in the dizzy world
Filled with life's sweet wine.

Out in the busy world
Flurried all the day,
Out in the busy world
Mixing work with play.
Golden moments snatching
For reverie and song
Solemn thoughts a catching
From the merry throng.
Out in the busy world
Busy all the time,
Out in the busy world
Doing something fine.

THE GLAD WAY

It doesn't take much money
To make me glad and gay.
The skies are bright and sunny,
In my world of work a day.

So joyous, happy, free
Though I have a task to share,
This old world smiles on me,
And helps my burdens bear.

I don't need many clothes
I am so very small,
Just a dainty frock of rose
With ribbons gay, that's all.

I don't need much to eat
I live on the sun and the air,
Perhaps I have meat to eat
But none can tell nor where.

I don't need company
Exciting entertainers,
To dance and chat with me
Silence fair, profaners.

My way is glad and lightsome
Some folks say they are blue,
They tell me they're so lonesome
That they don't know what to do.

It seems, if I should live,
A second lifetime through,
I wouldn't have time to give
To the things I'd like to do.

THE SUNSHINE OF MY SMILE

The sun shines on the hot house flower
Close sheltered, with tender care,
And the proud rose in its haughty bower
Feels the wealth of the sun's smile fair.

The ragweed in a lonely nook
Unkempt, and with never a care,
In lonely silence, by others forsook
Grows tall 'neath the sun's rays there.

The haughty dame, in her regal bower
With everything heart desires,
Basks warmly, like the blooming flower,
In the smile of her admirers.

And the lonely heart, engaged in its task,
Though needy all the while,
Forgets its lonely way to bask
In the sunshine of my smile.

The same warm sun smiles upon them both,
The haughty and the lowly,
And the sunshine of my smile and love
I'll divide among them wholly.

TO SEEKERS OF WEALTH

Wealth is looming closer,
I can feel it in the pause
Of momentary ceasing
Of freezing work and thaws.

The clinking of the silver
Jangling from the moneyed maws
The clatter and the clamor
And the smirking of applause.

Must I leave this little cottage
And a palace great adorn,
For some uncertain destiny
Must I leave you, all forlorn?

My little music room
And study all in one,
My violin lies right in reach
With Keats and Tennyson.

The little love nest yonder
Rose ruffles, on the bed,
The coverlet lies close at hand
To shield the baby's head.

The kitchen where I reign supreme
A queen without a dread
The family with eager joy
From mine own hand is fed.

The apple grunt and muffins
The mince and pumpkin pies
The marmalade and jellies
Vanish with delightful sighs.

The flowers in the garden
In their accustomed place
And the climbing roses drooping
That's wont to kiss my face.

Where the lily bed's, I know,
The shy verbenas too
The zinnias and the hyacinths
And the asters pink and blue.

Dear dainty little flowers
On your cheeks are tears of dew
I wonder if you'll miss me
As I surely will miss you.

With eager ears I listen
For the well known step outside
And father coming home from work
To rest at eventide.

The planning and the scheming
To make ends meet, at last
The happiness of sacrifice
For baby's future cast.

The evening paper scanned
A little music too
The hush of silence trembling
Then the falling of the dew.

So little cottage dear
With your shining windows fair
Without a lump of gold
I'm a great big millionaire.

You may take your pile of wealth
Bury it in land or sea
But the joys of great heart riches
Take them not away from me.

WHEN MEN GAZE

I care not that men
 Gaze upon my face
 And form of lovely grace,
Nor that the line of beauty
 Like chiseled marble cold
 Should hold their intent bold,
But when men gaze into my eyes
I would that they might pale
 With glad surprise
And find the living presence of a soul
 There to abide
A thing not to be dallied with or tried.

ROSES AND VIOLETS

If your path is strewn with roses
With hedges tall and wide
Would you wade the thorny poises
To gain the other side?

The violets rare are over there,
And there the lilies bide.
With blooming roses fair
Are you completely satisfied?

Love fills you with its sweetness
With wild throbbings of the heart,
But in love's all completeness
Would you stay its painful dart?

The sweets of after-math
From a clear cold-cut pain,
Are violets beyond the path
Would you not the violets gain?

THE MESSAGE OF THE ROSES

Pale roses wet
Take her thy fragrance sweet,
Lest she forget
How vain I would but meet
Her own pale self, to greet.

And yet at heart
Your paleness blossoms red
When petals part,
Show her thy rosy bed
Lest she think thee dead.

Tell her, sweet flowers,
That every petals fold
My heart embowers,
Entreat her to a kindlier mould
And not to be too cold.

And gently press
The guards of thy sweet posies
Through silken dress
And remind her, gentle roses
Of thorns my heart encloses.

THE MARRIAGE HOUR

She comes, my sweet,
In a misty blur,
Twinkle pearly feet
Bring the sweet of her,
Hasten the hour
Too long delayed,
Fairest flower
In garden or glade.

Oh! heart of mine
Too loudly clamoring
Stay not the word divine
So thickly stammering,
Let me catch all of her
Crush, petals and dresses
Lost in a ceaseless stir
Of long, long caresses.

Sweet of my heart
Forever and aye,
Of me a part,
Ere the close of the day,
Heart of my sweet
Enclosed in a rose
Sweet heart, how sweet,
Only one knows.

FRUIT

When I was but a barefoot child at play,
I took the pit of a large peach, one day,
And planted it with eagerness of youth
And said, "Someday, what wondrous fruit, in
truth,
Shall I pluck from this tree." But now,
Full twenty years have flown across my brow.
Indeed! the tree has borne it's wondrous fruit
But other lips enjoy, while mine are mute.

Today I'll sing a wondrous song, and pen
The phrases of a theme, that hearts of men
Shall all grow glad and young with love again.
So sweet shall be my song that hall and lane
Shall echo back the blithe refrain, and when
Full twenty years or more have made their
trend
The trickling cadences of tone on viol and lute
Shall other ears delight, while mine are mute.

WHAT I WOULD BE

I would not be a man renowned,
And boast of fame with laurels crowned,
Nor lose my wanted liberty
To be a great celebrity.
The only fame I wish to bear
Is love filled in the hearts that care.
My latest thought, am I famed best
Within my neighbor's honest breast.

I crave not for society,
With pomp and all its piety,
Where its exclusive ring girt 'round
Shuts out the good in all abound.
Let me in all divinity
Be linked with all infinity
My only care am I loved best,
Within the sinner's hardened breast.

I would not step with haughty pride
Nor prink, nor prate with others vied,
Nor would I stoop to vain conceit
Infused in every party clique.
Let me be lowly, humble, more,
Let me fling wide an open door.
My greatest hope shall be my best,
And all who will, shall be my guest.

ODE

A noble and a highly virtuous soul
Must find an outlet somewhere,
If constantly poured in unto itself
The ever crowding surge,
Thus swollen, would gradually asphyxiate
The sentient heart and mind.

Thus is it ever true we find
In days of sickness clouded,
A lovely angel nurse administering,
A fine and gentle touch,
Pouring forth a golden stream of riches
Her wealth of strength and heart.

The great white robed physician whose skilled
hand
Some trembling life hangs on
Daily imparts his life, his strength, his soul
Unto his noble work
And ever more finds strength for strength re-
newed,
For having lost the old.

And let me not forget the lowly gardener,
'Mong nodding roses smothered
How tenderly each shy and slender plant
He safely guards and mothers,
From morn till night he's working with a will,
He would not if he could, be still.

And he who in the halls of finance, holds
The reins of streams of gold,
Gives without stint the best blood of his heart,
And fragments of his mind,
Not for his own great glory, and greater riches,
But for the good of all.

And the inventor, that great and wonder mind,
What heavenly muse has bent
Her wayward flight and strayed so far from home,
To whisper in his ear,
Till struggling energies all boiling, seething hot
Must burst and bubble o'er.

And you, Oh! Golden Poet of the dainty lyre,
With tongue and heart of fire,
Blessed is the angel that hovered at your birth
And gave you such sweet breath
Your fame all trembling with pent up song
You cannot hold it long.

Burst forth and break, you swelling golden songs,
Loose themes so fleet,
Roll on and on all noble virtues
And find expression mete,
That glowing spark of life and love within
Must never be effaced.

ODE TO MELANCHOLY

Dark, grim, unearthly, shrouded shade,
Again thy most unwanted presence looms before,
Enveloping all the sensing faculties of soul and mind
Dashing with wanton hand, sweet Joy, that's
wont to soar.

The cupid's bow, still quivering from love's kiss,
that upward turns,
Through thy cooling ardor and still more damp embraces,
Droops downward, paling cheeks, scorched with love burns,
Shading the fringed pools and killing Joy's sweet traces.

Sometimes thy visit comes so unexpected
When Joy is reveling late and full of wine
Drunk with nectar, has left the latch neglected
And you slipped in, without a bid to dine.

Oh! Melancholy! sister of darkness and the night,
Lone visitor from regions still more lonely,
Take hence thy form, nor let it shade the light
Of Joy and Love, whose rays bring healing only.

THE BIRTH OF AN ODE

Like a turbulent storm coming up in the west
Is the swift agitating of the poet's breast,
And the birth of a tempest from its might abode
Is like throes of pain in the birth of an ode.

Like a storm slow brewing in the darkening west,
With foreboding silence, gathering might and
force
Till, tempest tos't, the trees and earth's warm
breast
Tumultuously are shaken in its onward course;
Low raging, with swift lightning flash,
Deep groanings, and spent thunder crash
Till clouds above all grieving drop their tears
And drown all anger with pure crystal spheres.

So is the agitated spirit of the Master
When some new mighty theme is horoscoped,
From cheek to marrow, swift flushes follow faster
Trembling the soul to its unbounded scope,
Swift anger, superseding joy
Vehement rage at some slight annoy
Till rays of light revealing precious beryls
Calm all protracted heat in drops of pearls.

ODE TO MUSIC

Sweet enchantres, winged guardian of my soul,
I well believe
That on that day my soul was born,
Without retrieve,
To me, your sweetest melody was borne,
And though 'twas done,
Full well I knew that you, a fount of golden song
Could well miss one,
And 'twas your sweetest from out your countless
throng.
So having heard such art from music's fount,
My soul was stirred
With ecstasy to match such wondrous art
With my poor skill.

My lips long tenderly to form in words
A chiming rhyme
That suits the music of thy melody
And lulling time,
Of rhythmic movement low and passing sweet,
Slipping from fingers
Attuned to Elysian tones and movements fleet
Till music lingers
Voluptuous, like the fragrant breath of flowers
Plucked fresh,
And tinged with lights from Elysian bowers,
A golden mesh
Of rhyming words can scarce be found to suit
Such dulcet notes.

My very fingertips long eagerly to hold
That golden harp,
Low breathing, the strings of which you grip with
such
A careless art.
In wondrous way you sing of Zephyrus gamboling
Gay and fleet,
In more lively time, the lark and mock bird's carol
Soft and sweet.
And long I drink the beauty of that lay
Till vibrant strings
All conquering, direct the musely play,
And music clings,
Enchanting with riotous notes the charmed ear
With harmony.

Oh! Muse of music, sole mistress of soul's har-
mony,
Breath of Life,
Sister of Joy and tender comforter of sorrow,
Companion of Love,
Sweet solace of all consuming Anger,
Conciliator of Hate,
Take all of me, my strength and love and song,
And mould me
To thy making in softer, surer notes
And sweeter melody.
And in great worlds beyond, direct that symphony
Of rolling spheres
And hemispheres, till all shall blend in one
Accord with thee.

WHO KNOWS WHAT'S ON THE MORROW?

Who knows what's on the morrow,
Can vain imaginings
Or flights from fancies tower
Portray the wondrous things
That wait me on the morrow?
My curious eyes peer forth
With glad expectancy
At doubtful morrow's worth
Frought with pregnancy.

Oh soul of mine, why sorrow
And downward droop your wings?
Leap forth into your morrow
With step that upward springs
Toward Elysian fields that flower.
The gambling blood of sires
Longs fretfully to chance
The land beyond the pyres
Perpetually enhanced.

FAME

A true gentleman never courts fame,
For fame's a noisy fellow
If diligently occupied, 'tis not his name
That's foremost in his worry.
If the great Almighty has seen fit
To entrust rare thoughts to him,
Indifferent, he cannot idly sit,
To the clariant call within.

And if fame comes and covers him
With flooding clouds of glory,
'Tis only a reflection of the great One
Revealed in rhyme or story,
And not of his own seeking, but through
The wondrous deeds he's wrought,
And all glory, if there glory be,
To the One who gave him thought.

I KNOW A PATH

I know a path I love to wander in,
That leads away from care's besetting towns,
Like me this wandering vagabond meandering
Is also blessed with trivial ups and downs.

I love to wander gaily in this way,
The firm earth meeting my caressing feet,
I cannot help but trip a little way,
Although I think it quite a thing not meet.

The leaves are dancing gaily, singing sweet,
And far away I know, that scrutinous eye,
Disarmed, cannot perceive my flying feet
So laughing, hurl my songs up to the sky.

But soon I tire of this gymnastic feat,
And more sedately wend my happy way,
And find a thousand things my eye to greet,
From river broad to fields of new mown hay.

Wee, winged things keep stirring up the grasses
And I with wary eye keep eager watch
Affrighted at the soft and low morasses
That leave my hardened path a watery blotch.

In crossing this the grass is long and tangled,
And flowery weeds e'er tower o'er my head,
I think my friend is wholly lost or mangled
Or still worse yet, me thinks perhaps he's dead.

But no, beyond the trail picks up anew
But Oh! what's this? And wholly unsuspecting,
From out the reeds a crane flies into view,
Himself a terror seeing, me detecting.

A hungry visitor, passing in the night
Has stayed his journey on this reedy zone
And rests and eats, e'er he resumes his flight,
Till I disturbing broke his feast alone.

A rustling soft, as mounting toward the blue,
So swift escapes this clumsy heavy bird,
As circling in the woods is lost to view
I turn again my thoughts unto the sward.

Wee flowery eyes look up to greet me well,
The sweet sincerest eyes in all the world
From buttercup to morning glory bell
Their secrets and their lips to me unfurl.

Soft thistle tufts from brown pods bursting
through
A downier bed ne'er could be found for fairy,
Just touch it soft, and up into the blue
It dips and turns and carols round so merry,

And off it sails for many miles away
Carrying safely, guarding its great treasure,
Then falling gently, still sporting in its play
It finds a home that suits its own pure pleasure.

Ah me! The welcome greetings beaming
How oft I've wandered here in morning's dawn,
And oft I've scampered down the hillocks greening
To greet my friend with glad and lightsome
song.

He understands me in my moods of rapture
And has a tear for me in days I weep,
The glories glinting through this dear old pasture
Its shining beauties daily in me seep.

With flowers rare I wind me here a crown
And spirally I deck my dainty dresses,
More sumptuous far than any queen in town
Are buttercups that gild my flowing tresses.

The path leads on, it climbs a sandy hill,
No more I see such long and tangled grass,
Through bars and up and on, I wander still,
And waving timothy nods at me as I pass.

Small bugs jump in and out among the weeds
The devil's darning needle darts and purrs,
And here another on the pollen feeds
And every blade of grass the cricket stirs.

Afar I look across the silver bow
That winds itself through meadows green and
From hilltop high to gentle valley low
The tinted shades are sprinkled soft and mellow.

And on the water's top the diamonds glimmer
Rich, jeweled, hilted daggers glance and gleam
The studded crest of wavelets shake and shimmer
Like some unpotted gold of Arabian dream.

I wander on adown the sandy bank
And soon I reach a little wood near by
And there gay little flowers 'mong weeds so dark,
Stretch slender necks to greet the blue of sky.

Broad palmed trees invite me to their shelter,
A sense of sweet protection girds me round,
Here guarded from the rays of sun's soft pelter
I find sweet solace in a restful looking mound.

All unrippled, clear and calm, the limpid
Water lies, close at my feet and here
Great schools of fish, in circling bands, 'mid
Shadows of lily pads, relax their fear.

In greater depth the parent fish unmindful
Of their babes ,are sporting in their play
Or maybe are sleeping, of nothing fearful,
Or perhaps are many miles away.

Clear virgin river still unpolluted
A noisy city's in your way, soon
Choked, twisted, of your treasure looted
A cast-away you'll be, discarded without a boon.

All undiscerning my pathway brings repose
Light breezes gently stir the leaves,
Afar up in the blue in rows on rows
A floating cloud a silken shelter weaves.

In calm and quietude I see my path so dear
Dwindling, branching out, now here, now there,
Lost, enveloped, subdued in woods so drear,
Untenable, alone, there goes my path so fair.

THE HOUR OF THE POET

The hour of the poet is here
But the world knows him not,
Although he bides so near
His own have long forgot.
They call him an idle dreamer
Smiling at plants and the trees,
They're amazed at this sensitive schemer
Lost in long reveries.

Though the hour of the poet is here
And his own will claim him not,
Though the songs to him so dear
Shall be sung and then forgot,
If one thread of gold he's spun
With infinite care and cost,
This strand of beauty begun
Shall not be entirely lost.

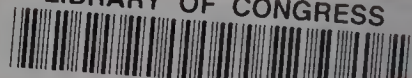
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